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THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. I. LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1887.

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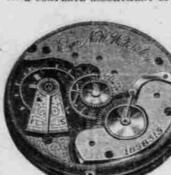
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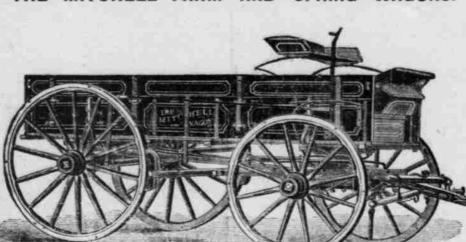
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YOUNG COLIN.

in Effort at Orthographical Consistence Young Colin chants a mournful lay, While guiding of his plough, And not far off, beneath the hedge, A damsel milks her cough.

"Who's yonder?" cries the rustic swain;
"'Tis Mollie, sure enough.
I needn't from so sweet a girl
Expect a rude rebough."

Across the field he stoutly plods, Ner looks to left or right; Shy Molly flushes like the rose, And then her cheek grows whight.

"Dear lass," says he, in accents low, "Among your other beaux You have not one as fond and true As Colin, goodness kneaux!

"So, though you t'other day refused,
To heed a suitor's sigh,
I ask once more—Will you be mine!—
The bride for whom I'd digh!"

Persistent wooing wins a maid-Her heart grew soft as dough; And soon a whispered "Yes" replaced
Fuir Molly's former "Nough."

—Lealie's Budget.

WHAT AILED HIM.

Sad Story of a Boy Sick With "Nostalgia."

Farmer Connover strode into the house, took off his fur cap and thick mittens, and unwound numerous kinks of red woolen comforter from his ample hroat. Then he sat down by the was fast becoming really ill, but the symwarm wood fire and said to his wife: "Seems like I had somethin' to tell his case correctly. He was a soldier ye, Sairy Ann, but I can't for the life who was not sick from any fatal malof me rentember it neow.'

"Was it somebody got married?" in quired Mrs. Connover, who was see the sights, Sary Ann," Mr. Conbustling about setting the table for nover said to his wife, "and you can

supper.
"No, didn't seem as 'twas. Lemme think," and he pressed a meditative forefinger on that portion of his forehead where he seemed to locate the faculty of memory "Is anybody dead that we are ac

quainted with? aNo, no, tain't eyether marryin' or dyin' as I kin see. Curus how I do for- danger now. He had transferred his get things sometimes."

"We ain't heard from Ben for quite awhile," suggested Mrs. Connover. "That's it!" cried the farmer, jumping to his feet as sprightly as a log. "Tain't from Ben, leastwise it ain't his handwritin', but it's a letter. I've got it right here in my pocket."

"Do tell!" said his wife, dropping the dishes she was holding in a promis-cuous heap. "If it ain't from Ben, who is it from?" "It's writ to you," said her husband,

producing it at last. Mrs. Connover reached up to the clock shelf and took down her Bible eading spectacles. "It's a strange hand to me," she

said, scanning it carefully, "must be some of Cicely's folks." So she stepped to the door leading above stairs and called at the top of

"C-i-c-e-l-v! C-i-c-e-l-v!" "Here I am, mother," answered a sweet voice. "What is it?" For every inflection of her good

this one bristled with exclamation points. "Here is a letter in a strange hand

write. Do you know who it is from?" "Why, it is addressed to you, mother. It seems to me the easiest way to find out would be just to open and read it." "Well, then, do," said her mother.

"I'm so fidgeted thinking about Ben off there alone that I can't open it." "This isn't any thing about Ben," said Cicely, deftly opening the envelope after she had admired the smart. college style supercription. "It's from some lawyer or fruit-tree agent, likely,

"What would he write to your mother or?" suggested Father Connover gruf-

Cicely read it over to herself first, and at once changed color. "It is about Ben, mother," she said, the tears rushing into her eyes and her voice, "he is sick, and this is from the doctor who is taking care of him. Oh, mother, don't cry. Ben needs you. Keep up your strength."

an unsteady tone. Cicely read the doctor's letter. He said thas Ben was his patient, and

he was doing all he could for him, but his parents had better come, as it required more skill than he-the physician-had to cure him. He ended by saying that the boy was suffering from a severe attack of nostalgia. "What in the world is that? I never

heard of it before," exclaimed Mr. "What is it, Cicely?" asked Mrs. Connover. Cicely was a graduate of the Normal school, and her parents

expected her to know every thing. She shook her head. "It means that we must go to Ben just as soon as we can. If there had

been any hope the doctor would have She cried and worked at the same time. Ben, her only brother, was her idol. She had opposed his going away from first to last, but the father was

"If the boy ain't contented here, let him go to the city, and clerk it for a year or two. He's king of two hands anywhere," said the gruff old farmer. And Ben had been ill and too proud

to let them know. They took the evening train. At the depot some of their friends had gathered to hear the news.

Of each and all, they asked the same "Hey you ever heerd of Nastalgy?" And none of them had ever heard of it, but all agreed that it must be a dreadful thing to have such a difficult

When they reached the city they had cried and worried themselves sick. At least the two women had. The father, with the stoicism of his kind, had best a constant tatoo on the car window and whistled an accompaninent-all the time he was crying in his

"Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

So they went at once to the place where Ben boarded, a dreary house with innumerable small, ill-ventilated

rooms, where for the entire sum that he earned weekly Ben Connover was permitted to lodge. The doctor had made his hospital rounds that night and his last call was on Ben. He was a young physician, and very zealous over his patients. He took an interest in the handsome, whole-souled country boy who was unaccustomed to close rooms and sewer gas and lonely hours, and so wrote that letter to his mother. And as they stood on the step ring ing the grumbling bell he walked up and soon discovered who they were, and made himself known. "Oh, Doctor, is there any hope?

. These were the questions that were poured into the doctor's ears. How very unfeeling of him to laugh! "Why, there is nothing in this world the matter with him! As I wrote you it's only a bad case of nostalgia." "Doctor!" said the father sternly put that 'ere word in plain English!'

"Doetor, will my boy get well?

"Doctor, is he still alive?"

"Oh, I see," laughed the doctor. "It is the medical term for homesick-And that was all that ailed the boy A good deal of mental longing and worry had brought on fever, and Ben pathetic young doctor had diagnosed

ady. He was homesick. 'Now that we're here we'll stay and oddle Ben all you want to."

And Ben was very willing to oe codlled. But it was strange that after explaining that big medical word, the doctor still kept coming. It worried the old couple a little, because they thought Ben must be in danger after

But it was the doctor who was in And no word was big enough to diagnose his case. But it all came out right. Only Ben

must have tonies and directions, and at last the doctor went out there and shades lighter than jet black 000. A. J. Scott has \$35,000 invested established a practice, leaving out the Latin words. And he was right. There is no more nsidious disease than homesickness.

When the Swiss soldiers—the bravest fighters in the world-hear the familiar Ranz des baches they lean on their carbines and weep for their loved glaciers and mountain pines, and often die of classical name is nostalgia, and which freely translated means "sickness for home."—Detroit Free Press."

CLEAN-SHAVEN FACES.

Why Singers and Speakers Should Not able attention to the human voice con-

fore that a bearded American or Brit- not wear some false hair."-Boston isher was rarely seen. Now almost Herald. every one who can raise a beard has one. It is not known whether Demosthenes or Cicero wore beards, but we suppose Peter the Hermit, who preached the first crusade, and Walter the Penny-

less, were bearded, because they could not spare time to shave. - Boston Globe. -Old Lady-"How often does this elevator come down?" Elevator Boy-

"Between up-trips, ma'am." -He-"What are you thinking of?" She-"Nothing." He-(absent mindedly)-"You flatter me."-Tid-Bits. -Do all the jokes about restaurant pie come under the classification of

'Humors of the Stomach?"-Merchant -A young lady in Summerdale is so very tender-hearted, that she refuses to pare the potatoes for her mother. She says she is afraid she might injure their

eyes .- Drake's Travellers' Magazine. -It bothers the man who has earned success by faithful, honest, brainy work to hear his friends say among hemselves: "What an infernally lucky fellow Jack is!" - Journal of Education.

-What She Is .-

for \$6!" -N. Y. Sun.

My love is not an angel.

With thoughts on beavenly scenes,
She's just a common Boston girl,
And dotes on pork and beans. -Somerville Journal -"I have a bit of good news for you John," said a fond young wife. "Yes?" remarked John, expectantly. "Yes. You remember that two weeks ago hot-

house grapes were quoted at \$8 a

pound? Well, I bought some to-day

-"You put your foot in it nicely to-night," said Mrs. Sweetspeech. "How was that?" asked her husband. "When you told Mrs. Fourthly that you were sure her husband would nev-

ABOUT FALSE HAIR. A Dealer Tells Where It Comes From, and How It is Obtained "Nearly all the false hair that is sold in this country," said a dealer, recent- ist in Philadelphia, has compiled an ly, "is brought from France and Ger- exhibition of the business condition of many. It is obtained in those coun- his race in American. tries from the peasant girls. The Berlin and Paris merchants send their agents out through the country dis- Carolina has twenty who are worth tricts, and, whenever one of these from \$10,000 to \$30,000 each. In South agents meets a lass with a fine crop of Carolina the negroes own \$10,000,000 hair, he immediately begins to bargain worth of property. In Charleston with her. As a rule the peasants know | fourteen men represent \$200,000. Thos. so little of the world, and are so utterly | R. Smalls is worth \$18,000, and Chas.C. guorant of the value of things, that Leslie is worth \$12,000. The family of they generally sell their hair at the Noisettes, truck farmers, are worth most ridiculously low prices. It is \$150,000. nothing uncommon to see a French In the city savings banks the negroes peasant girl dispose of the most mag-nificent suit of hair, a suit that would has over \$5,000. He recently bought a stickler as to price, would nay each. sell for seventy-five dollars, for a a \$10,000 plantation and paid \$7,000 in worthless ear-ring or a string of bright- cash. looking beads. If these merchants In Philadelphia, John McKee is meet a girl on the road whose hair at- worth half a million. He owns four tracts them, they never give the poor girl time to think, or opportunity to go home and consult her parents, but the The neg moment she says 'yes,' out come their shears and off goes her magnificent real estate. P. A. White, a wholesale hair, and the poor child's only druggist, is worth a quarter of a mil-return is a worthless trinket. It lion, and has an annual business of eems sad, but such is life - at \$200,000. Catharine Black is worth least hair-merchant life. After the \$150,000. hair has been all collected and brought into Paris and Berlin, it is then put 000,000 of real estate. Baltimore has through a cleaning process and assort- more negro home-owners than any to turn into these fields a sec ed and arranged. On all hair as it other large city. Nineteen men are comes from the head, there is, no mat- worth a total of \$800,000. John Thomas, ter how clean a person tries to keep her or himself, more or less dandruff. | 000. Less than 100 negroes in Wash-The hair is passed through a sort of ington are worth a total of \$1,000,000. wire net or chain, the wires of which are so close together that the hairs on \$15,000,000 in New Orleans and themselves can scarcely pass through. \$30,000,000 in the State. Ione Lafon, You would think this would cut the a French quadroon, is worta \$1,000,000. hair, but it does not. It only gets the The Morcer Brothers, clothiers, carry dirt off, and it does so most effectually. a stock of \$300,000. Missouri has After the hair is thus thoroughly clean- twenty-seven citizens worth a million ed, it is assorted in proper colors, qual- dollars in amount, ranging from \$200,ities and lengths. Then the black hair is | 000 to \$260,000. again run over and three more piles are made of it-the long black hairs, South is Amanda Eubanks, made so by the medium and the short. The light the will of her white father; she is interest in the brother to the sister. hair is similarly assorted. Then the worth \$400,000, and lives near Augusta.

the wealthiest, is worth about \$150,dealers mix the black and light hairs Ga. Chicago, the home of 18,000 cologether and make from them differored people, has three colored firms in ent shades. By mixing a jet black, business, whose proprietors represent for instance, with a color two \$20,000 each, one \$15,000 and nine \$10,you get a color exactly one in the livery business, and is worth

lighter, and this is the \$100,000, including a well-stocked farm rule all through the different combina- in Michigan. Messrs. John Jones and tions of hair colors. A color mixed Richard Grant are worth \$70,000 each. with another color that is two shades A. G. White, of St. Louis, formerly ighter than itself will produce a color purveyor to the Anchor line of steam one shade lighter, and a shade that ap- ers, after financial reverses, has, since pears to be perfectly natural. If the the age of forty-five, retrieved his forhair is mixed with a color that is more tunes and accumulated \$30,000. Mrs. that hidden wound of the heart-whose than two shades it will produce a M. Carpenter, a San Francisco co streaky combination, which is, of woman, has a bank account of \$50,000, course, to be avoided; but when the and Mrs. Mary Pleasant has an income mixing is properly done not even an from eight houses in San Francisco, a expert can tell the difference between ranch near San Mateo, and \$100,000 in the real color and the color that is the Government bonds. In Marysville, result of this skillful manipulation. Cal., twelve individuals are the owners The French are the most expert hair- of ranches valued in aggregate at from A gentleman who has paid consider- mixers in the world, and many a blonde \$150,000 to \$180,000. One of them, or brown suit of hair that looks so per- Mrs. Peggy Bredan, has besides a tends that hair around the mouth tends | feetly natural is, in reality, the product | bank account of \$40,000. These statistics show that the brother to impair the utterance in song and of two different heads, and all the remother's voice was familiar to her, and speech. The sounds are broken or sult of the ingenious French hair-mixers. in black is making some headway in muffled as they are projected from the What does a head of hair cost? Well, the world. He is learning to "tote his mouth. Most of the famous lawyers, of course, there is in hair, as in every- own ski let."-N. Y. Witness. ministers and Parliamentary orators thing else, an immense variety of have been clean shaven. Among these kinds, and consequently an im-

may be mentioned Lord Mansfield, of mense variety of prices. Heads The Original Version of a Story Familiar In whom Junius said that he considered of hair can be bought as low as him the most dangerous man in En- lifteen dollars, and there are many that gland, because the most talented; bring seventy-five dollars. For this Judy is, in its original form, as follows: Wilkes, the noted demagogue; Lord latter price I should say that the very Mr. Punch, a gentleman of great per-Erskine, Lord Jeffrey, the reviewer; best suit of hair that can be fou d in the Earl of Beaconsfield, Mr. Glad- Boston can be purchased. It does not Judy, by whom he has a lovely daughstone, Lord Macaulay, Richard Gorden, cost a woman, or, I should probably ter. To the baby no name is given in John Bright, Rev. Mr. Chalmers, Rev. say in order to keep in the fashion, a the piece, the infant being too young Edward Irving, the triend of Mrs. Car- Mrs. Lady, as much to purchase her to be christened. In a fit of horrid lyle, and Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. Actors, hair now as it did three or four years and demoniac jealously Mr. Punch, as a general rule, are clean faced, un- ago. The Mrs. Ladies do not wear like a second Zeluco, strangles his less when representing historic charac- near so much hair now as they did beautiful offspring. Just as he has ters, like King Lear. In our own country Patrick Henry, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, Rufus formerly cost a fashionable female completed his dreadful purpose Mrs. Punch enters, witnesses the brutal havoc, and exit screaming; she soon returns, however, armed with a blud-Choate, William Lloyd Garrison and from one hundred to one hundred and geon, and applies it to her husband's Charles Sumner did not have beards or lifty dollars to perfectly adorn her head, "which to the wood returns a mustaches. Now every other minister head, supposing, of course, that she wooden sound." Exasperated by jeallooks as fierce in the pulpit as a dra- had no hair at all to start with, the ousy and rage, Mr. Punch seizes angoon in a saddle, ready to draw saber same female can now buy the very best other bludgeon, and lays her prostrate for an onslaught. Foreign singers, to head gear in Boston at from fifty to at his feet; then seizing the murdered a man, are hairy about the mouth. seventy-five dollars. Is there much infant and expiring mother, he flings "What ails him?" asked his father in Americans as well as British have false hair worn in Boston? Oh, an imcopied the men of the Continent of mense deal of it. I indulge in no exag- street. Europe in the matter of hair about the geration when I say that there are not mouth during the past fifty years; be- five women in one hundred who do police officers enter the dwelling of Mr.

Smarter Than He Looked.

The smart young clerk who tried to raise a laugh at the expense of a"country cousin," illustrated the truth of the old aphorism in regard to looks being very deceptive. He received his les-"See that country cousin over there by the stove?" inquired a Harlem clerk

mer entered and glanced curiously about the store. "Yes, I see him. What of it?" "Watch me take him down. Say, nister," the cute clerk continued, addresssing the supposed greenhorn,

of another, as a rural-appearing custo-

'we don't keep whisky." "Wall, sonny, all I've got ter say is that It'd save you a pile of trav'l ef yer did," was the prompt reply.—

Youth's Companies Youth's Companion.

a foolish thing isn't wise enough to know what folly is .- Boston Journal of -Queen Victoria attended a circus the other day for the first time in thirty years. Yet she easily recognized the jokes of the clown as old acquaint-

-The man who thinks he never did

-Omaha Dame-And so, my daugh ter, you are engaged to Mr. De Goode. I am delighted. He comes of a splendid family. Charming Daughter-Yes, he proposed last night and I accepted. "Do you love him?" "No, but that horrid Miss Pert does."-Omaha World.

-"Did you see that woman in Benhanan's pew this morning with all her mind centered on her new bonnet?" asked the deacon. "No, dear," replied his wife, sweetly, "I was too rich king much taken up admiring the man in

NO. 21.

WEALTHY NEGROES.

The Carolinas take the lead in the

number of wealthy negroes. North

hundred houses. Several are worth

The negroes of New York own from

In New Jersey the negroes own \$2,-

In Louisiana the negroes pay taxes

The richest colored woman of the

PUNCH AND JUDY.

doctor with a few derogatory kicks.

Death at last visits the fugitive, but

Death his death's blow then received.

der the appearance of a lovely female,

but afterward in his own natural

shape, to drag the offender to the in-

fernal regions in purgatory to expiate

his dreadful crime. Even this attempt

fails, and Punch is left triumphant

over doctors, death and the devil. The

curtain falls amid the shouts of the

-A little boy wanted to stay at home

from school, and knew his mother

wouldn't let him unless he was sick.

So his mother said: "Why, my little

man, are you sick this morning?" The

cabulary of ailmer 'a select from, on

inqueror .- Irish Times.

the spur of the

ma'am; my

Jones to

Last of all comes the devil; first, un-

antagonist rattle so musically, that

ial Progress Made by Represent

Legal Blanks. Business Cards. Executed in good style and at lowest living

WARNING TO FARMERS.

The Latest Dodge Devised for the Purp of Swindling Agriculturists. The confidence man who lies in wat John W. Cromwell, a negro journal

for the unsuspecting farmer is a versa-tile being who does not confine him-self to traffic in lightning rods or Bo hemian oats, but resorts to other methods when conditions seem favorable. A pair of these plausible rascals have lately been endeavoring to practice their profession in Wayne County, Ind. In the course of their peregrinstions, one in the guise of a wealth citizen from Virginia called upon Mr. Isaac Doddridge, a well-known and well-to-do farmer of that county, and purchasing a stock farm for his son. a stickler as to price, would pay cash, and was favorably impressed with the land which Mr. Doddridge owned. After some chaffering an engage was made to look over the ground on the following day, and at the hour appointed the wealthy stranger was on hand with a horse and wagon. He propo four to six million dollars' worth of real estate. P. A. White, a wholesale druggist, is worth a quarter of a million, and has an annual business of \$200,000. Catharine Black is worth however, that the tract in qu distant from the public highway and from neighbors. As they were about stranger, in a light wagon, came driving up rapidly and hailed them, but upon receiving Mr. Doddridge's assur-ance that he did not know the man, stranger No. 1 said that as he himself never saw him before the business could not be important, and they would drive on. On arrival at a retired spot, it was found that stranger No. 2 had followed them. He introduced himself as an advertising agent of a Southern lottery, and that he was not selling tickets, but merely wished to secure the names of two or three responsible men in each county, who would be allowed to draw large prizes simply on the fact that they publish the fact in the papers. Then, with charts and papers, he undertook to show the fair method in which the lottery was operated, and the impossibility of fraud in its workings. Stranger No. 1 become deeply interested in the scheme, and when it was presently proposed that they try their luck then and there, readily agreed, and on the first trial drew \$5, which he was al-

lowed to keep on condition that he Doddridge, having been a reader of the papers to some purpose, had before this time realized the situation, but believing silence to be the part of discretion, offered no objection when urged to try his chances and laid down \$5. taking pains at the same time to show that this, with a little change, was all the money in his pocket-book. The first stranger then drew \$3,500, and on exhibiting some \$4,000 or \$5,000 of his own, received the prize. Mr. Dod-dridge then drew \$3,500, also, but upon his assurance that he had not an equal sum npon his person to show, disappointment was visible in the faces of both strangers. He was urged to give a check, but protested that he had no blanks. It was then arranged that he drive to Richmond with the wealthy Virginian, draw the money and return to the place where they then The romantic story of Punch and were, the second stranger to remain in waiting. Up to this time Mr. Doddridge had expressed no doubts, but sonal attraction, is married to Miss his silence and hesitation had probably aroused his companion's suspicions, as before arriving at a village in the vicinity, and at which place Mr. Doddridge hoped to secure the arrest of the rascal with him, this "man of wealth" suddenly decided to go no further, said he believed the thing was fraud, and that he would go back and return the cash he had drawn and have no more to do with the matter. Mr. Doddrige willingly assented, was set down at his own door, and now congratulates himself that his lack of ready money at a critical time saved him from assault and perhaps saved his life. The rascals on thismade a mistake in selecting their victim, as it is not a part of their scheme to waste time on men who read the newspapers and are posted as to the The dead bodies having been found, ways that are dark of the confidence gentry. In these days when gas booms Punch, who flies for his life, mounts are "on," and the rural citizen, as well his steed, and the author, neglecting, as the dweller in the city, is excited like other great poets, the conflicting by hopes of future wealth, and even by the sudden accumulation of moder-ate riches, the scoundrel who seeks unities of time and place, conveys his hero into Spain; where, however, he is arrested by an officer of the terwhat he may devour in the way of unrible inquisition. After enduring the sophisticated grangers is abroad in the land in a variety of disguises. In the most cruel tortures with incredible fortitude, Mr. Punch, by means of a golden shape of a wealthy stranger who wants key, a beautiful and novel allegory, to buy every thing in sight for cash, opens his prison door and escapes. The conclusion of the affecting story is he is, perhaps, more irresistible than in any other form, and it is of the satirical, allegorical and poetical. The wealthy stranger, therefore, with whom a few thousand dollars more or less is hero is at first overtaken by weariness and laziness in the shape of a black of little account, that the careful dog, whom he fights and conquers; dis-Hoosier should beware, The "ms ease, in the guise of a physician, next arrests him, but Punch "sees through from Virginia" who wants to buy a farm should be asked to give his refthe thin pretense," and dismisses the

erences or be properly introduced .-Indianapolis Journal. -Ine results of a day at Monte Carlo to the proprietors of the Casino and to the Principality of Monaco are testified in the boxes, weighted with gold, carried away before the very eyes of the 1.sers. It is said that each table wins from £1,500 to £2,000 a day, which shows a gross gain from the eight tables of from £12,000 to £16,000. These sums must be multiplied by 365 to show the probable yearly income.

-A Russian peasant employed as watchman on an estate near Odessa aroused the ill-feeling of Jews by impounding their stray cattle. The Jews coyed him into a barn, where they mersed their victim several times in s caldron of boiling water, and then little man not knowing a whole voflong him out into a neighboring field. The unfortunate peasant lingered three

in great agony and then died.-

Court Journal.